

JULY No. 54



# BLACKHAWK

*TERROR IN  
THE JUNGLE*

10¢







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# BLACKHAWK



DEATH AND VIOLENCE RAGE THE  
TEeming JUNGLES OF ANATOA  
ISLAND AS A RUTHLESS DESPOT  
REVIVES PRIMITIVE HATES AND  
PASSIONS, TURNING THE ONCE-  
FRIENDLY NATIVES INTO BLOOD-  
THIRSTY SAVAGES! FIGHTING TO  
FREE THE ISLANDERS FROM HIS  
ENSLAVING GRIP, THE  
BLACKHAWKS, TWO-FISTED  
CHAMPIONS OF LAW AND ORDER,  
FACE DEATH AT THE HANDS OF  
THE VERY MEN THEY SEEK TO  
HELP! WHAT ESCAPE IS THERE  
FROM THIS DIABOLICAL

**TERROR in the  
JUNGLE?**



SWEEPING LOW OVER BLACKHAWK ISLAND, THE BRITISH NAVAL PLANE HAS DROPPED AN ALLEGEDLY WANTED BUNDLE!

LET'S SEE HERE'S ONE FOR YOU FROM BEEVO, THE STRONG MAN!

HA, HA! CHUCK SAN TAKING COURSE IN HOW TO HAVE BIG MUSCLES! JUST WANT TELL HE FINISH UP, BY YUMMY!



AND THESE EIGHT LETTERS WRITTEN ON ASSORTED PASTELS AND ESSENCE OF ASSORTED PERFUMES ARE FOR ANDRE, OF COURSE!

BUT! YOU MAKE 28 JONES! ZEE'S LETTERS ARE NO DOUBT FROM MY SISTERS!



AND THIS ONE IS ADDRESSED TO ME! FROM NGANI MOARO OF ANATOA ISLAND!

KIMBEL! WHO IS PAS NGANI, BLACKHAWK?



HE'S AN EDUCATED ISLANDER, CHIEF OF ONE OF THE MORE PRIMITIVE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND TRIBES! I MET HIM WHILE HE WAS GOING TO SCHOOL IN LONDON!

THE ENVELOPE IS MARKED "URGENT"! IS SOMETHING WRONG?



PLENTY! LOOK AT THIS, STANISLAUS!

SOUNDS LIKE ACTION FOR THE BLACKHAWKS!



My friend Stanislaus,  
In my absence a  
new chief has taken  
power and sold out  
to vicious, subversive  
leader, Capt.  
DROSKI. AM HELD  
PRISONER. IF THIS  
REACHES YOU,  
PLEASE TRY TO  
HELP BUT DO NOT  
AGGRAVATE NATIVE  
PEOPLE. ENOUGH  
BLOODSHED AL-  
READY.  
YOUR OBLIGED  
SERVANT,  
KIMBEL

ANATOA IS A SMALL ISLAND, BUT IT WOULD BE A STRATEGIC BASE FOR THE COMMIES! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST, MEN!

YOU CAN READ THOSE LETTERS FROM YOUR SISTERS LATER, ANDRE! WE'RE TAKING OFF NOW!





SOON THE SKIES  
RESONED WITH THE ROAR  
OF JET MOTORS AND THE  
BELLING CRY OF THE  
BLACKHAWKS!



CHUCK CALLING BLACK-  
HAWK! I'VE BUZZED THE  
WHOLE ISLAND! NO  
SIGN OF AN AIRSTRIP!  
OVER!



WE'LL HAVE  
TO LAND ON  
LAKENUE  
ATOLL AND TAKE  
OUR CHANCES  
WITH INFLATED  
RAFTS!

LATER, ON THE ATOLL!

I STILL HATE TO SEE YOU  
TRY, BLACKHAWK! DROCK  
WILL PROBABLY BE WAITING  
FOR YOU ON ARATOA WITH  
A BAIL OF LEAD!

THERE'S NO OTHER  
WAY, CHUCK! YOU  
AND CHOP CHOP  
GUARD THE PLANES  
AND STAND BY TO  
JOIN THE FRACAS!



SOON...

VOILA!  
WE HAVE  
LAND  
WITHOUT 28  
TROUBLE!

LET'S NOT GET TOO CON-  
FIDENT, ANDRE! THIS  
JUNGLE IS ANY-  
PLACE FOR A TEA  
PARTY!



BLACKHAWK, BAN-  
RIGHT! WE  
BLACKHAWK!

WRA...



SAVAGES!  
SHOOT, OLAF!

NO! DON'T FIRE UNLESS THEY TRY TO  
USE THEIR SPEARS! WE CAN'T RISK  
KILLING ANY OF THEM!



BUT I TANK WE MUSS  
THROW UP YUST LITTLE  
BIT!

LIKE  
THIS!



Offering only token resistance, the Blackhaws are soon stripped of their guns and forced to accompany their attackers!

TELL THEM WE BAW FRIENDS! WE JUST COME TO HELP!

IT'S NO USE, OLAP! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH AND APPARENTLY THEIR PRONY CHIEF HAS DUPED THEM INTO THINKING DROSKI IS THEIR PAL!



OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO MEET HIM. EAT IN PERSON!

EATRAIR I WOULD MEET DE MADAMOISELLE WHO LIVES BESIDE HERE!



SO! THE PROUD BLACKHAWKS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE ME LIKE SO MANY LITTLE! EXCELLENT! TELL YOUR SUBJECTS, CHIEF ALBANO, THAT CAPTAIN DROSKI IS WELL PLEASED!

NGALA PUANG  
AHEONAPA!  
NGALA!



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE MAKING EVERYBODY HAPPY!

DA! AND MY SUPERIORS IN MOSCOW WILL BE MOST HAPPY! CRUSHING THE TROUBLE-SOME BLACKHAWKS SHOULD WIN ME A LONG-DESIRED PROMOTION!



AND PERHAPS YOU WILL PROVIDE THE NATIVES WITH A SPORT I HAVE DECIDED TO REVIVE ON ANATOA ISLAND! TIE THEM TO THE STAKE!

NOT WITHOUT LOSING A FEW TEETH, YOU WON'T!



LET ME GET MY HANDS ON THAT BELLY...

UNAM! HE IS A POWERFUL SPECIMEN! A PITY HE MUST BE DESTROYED!



THIS IS YOUR ROUND, DROSKI! BUT IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IF THERE WEREN'T TEN OF YOUR SLAVES TO EVERY ONE OF US!

THE NEXT ROUND TOO! WILL BE MINE! I SHALL GO NOW TO ENJOY MY DINNER! AFTER-WARD, THE NATIVES WILL AMUSE ME BY USING YOU AS TARGETS FOR THEIR SPEARS! HA, HA!





BOUND TO THE STAKE, THE BLACKAWKS GRIMLY await AN  
INGLORIOUS END!

I HATE TO DIE WITHOUT  
AT LEAST ONE CRACK  
AT THAT FEND, DROSKI!

KUAKI WILL THINK WE FAILED  
HIM! IF ONLY I COULD REACH  
MY BELT RADIO! THEY  
FORGOT THAT!



SAH! SHE  
BES LISTEN  
TO WHAT YOU  
SAY!

SHE DOESN'T UNDER-  
STAND! ANYWAY, THERE'S  
NOTHING WE NOWV  
CAN DO ABOUT REACHING  
THE RADIO! LOOKS LIKE  
THIS IS IT, FELLOWS!



BUT LATER, AS THE CROWD BEGINS TO GATHER  
FOR THE 'SPORT'...

THERE'S DROSKI  
WITH HIS TRICK!

AND ZE GIRL! SHE POINT AT  
YOU, BLACKAWK! SHE MAKE  
ZE SIGN LANGUAGE... MEETH  
A KNIFE!



SA! SO MY LITTLE LONA DESIRES  
THE INSIGNIA WORN BY THAT  
CAPITALIST PIG! IT IS YOURS,  
MY LOVELY ONE!

AMAPU!  
AMAPU  
OLANI!



AND WHILE DROSKI'S BACK IS TURNED...

WHAT...!

QUIET! I DON'T GET THIS,  
BUT SHE'S CUTTING  
THE ROPES!



DON'T LET THEM KNOW  
OUR HANDS ARE FREE!  
WE'LL STRIKE WHEN THE  
TIME IS RIGHT!

SOME-  
THING TELLS ME  
DROSKI BES GETTING  
WHAT YOU CALL  
ZE DOUBLE-CROSS!



I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU WANT  
WITH THAT INSIGNIA  
HONEY, BUT...

BLACKAWK!  
SHE BAN  
HOLDING UP  
YOUR RADIO!

























BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK PLANES and the MIG!



ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY WHITE

## Blackhawk Jet

51'



BLACKHAWK  
SINGLE-SEAT  
BOMB-AND-  
FIGHTER  
CAPABLE OF  
THE FASTEST  
PLANE IN  
OPERATION.  
THE JET  
HAS RANGE  
OVER 1,000  
MILES AND  
CARRY 100  
POUNDS OF  
BOMBS.



31'

## Russian Mig-15

34'



THE MIG-15 IS  
A SINGLE-SEAT  
BOMB-AND-  
FIGHTER  
CAPABLE OF  
THE FASTEST  
PLANE IN  
OPERATION.

THE MIG-15  
IS A SINGLE-  
SEAT BOMB-  
AND-FIGHTER  
CAPABLE OF  
THE FASTEST  
PLANE IN  
OPERATION.

The Mig-15 is a  
short-range,  
high speed  
interceptor.  
The Russians  
are proud of  
the speed of its  
climb and  
maneuvering  
ability.



31'



# CHOP CHOP

















BLACKAWK

# Blackhawk



OUT OF THE MURKY SEA RISES A HORROROUS, POWERFUL, MAN-MADE MONSTER OF STEEL! AGAINST THE ONSLAUGHT OF THIS UNBELIEVABLE TERROR, THE BLACKHAWK'S BULLETS ARE LIKE PEBBLES THROWN AT AN INVINCIBLE GIANT! WHAT UNSEEN POWER MOTIVATES THE CRUSHING TENTACLES, AND HOW CAN THE FIGHTING BLACKHAWKS ESCAPE BEING ANNIHILATED BY THESE

**MONSTERS**  
of the  
**DEEP?**

To the office of Colonel Leopold Ark, brilliant military leader of a hostile country, comes a strange visitor.

COME, DOCTOR DANTRÉ! I AM A RUSSIAN MAN! WHAT IS THE NIGHTLY PLAN OF YOURS TO DESTROY THE BLACKHAWKS?

AN, COLONEL ARK! SOME CALL ME A RUSSIAN, BUT I KNOW THAT OUR SUBTLE COURSE IS THREATENED WHILE THE BLACKHAWKS LIVE!

THESE HIGH-SPEED JETTS, THEIR WITCROTE RADAR SYSTEM, WERE THEN ALMOST UNDEFEATABLE!

TRUE! OUR SHIPS AND PLANES HAVE OFTEN ATTACKED THEM WITHOUT SUCCESS!

BUT CONSIDER A NEW INVENTION! SOMETHING THAT WOULD RISE FROM THE SEA AND WALK ACROSS BLACKHAWK ISLAND, DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH. HA, HA!

INTERESTING, DOCTOR DANTRÉ! TELL ME MORE!





## LIFE ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND!

STAY SEE WHY  
YOU CALL BIG  
MUSCLES MAN  
OH?

BLACKHAWK! O  
TERRIBLE  
HAPPENINGS!  
CHOP CHOP  
SEEDING BIG-LIKE  
HOUSE OCTOPUS!



CHOP CHOP  
EAT DRINK  
TOO MUCH  
VANILLA IN  
KITCHEN...  
JA?

NOT PLUMBE  
VANILLA!  
COME SEE!



SOON THE BLACKHAWKS ARE STUNNED  
BY THE HORROR THAT MEETS THEIR EYES!

DONNER BETTER!  
IS THIS POSSIBLE?

THAT...THING...IT'S  
ALMOST ALIVE!



LOOK AT THE  
WAY IT'S CELEB-  
THOSE TREES!  
IT'S FANTASTIC!

SACRE BLUR!  
WHAT WOULD  
MIGHT SUCH  
A TREES?  
CURSE! OUR  
DUNG!



IT'S CRUSHING  
EVERYTHING IN  
ITS PATH!

BULLETS BOUNCE OFF IT LIKE RAIN!  
LOD THAT GRENADE AT IT, STORM!



LOOK! THAT  
DID IT! IT'S  
WALKING BACK  
INTO THE OCEAN!

THAT GRENADE DIDN'T SCARE IT OFF!  
WHOEVER SENT IT TO GET THE LAY OF  
THE LAND WILL BE BACK! MY GUESS  
IS THAT THEY WANT TO DESTROY US  
WITHOUT DAMAGE TO THE AIRFIELD  
OR THE JETS!























As for the strange flames of his own invention, Doctor Smith's career ends, taking with it the worthless life of Leopold Ark!



# HEADLESS HORSEMAN TERRIFIES CITY

SPECTRAL RIDER IS SEEN  
GALLOPING OVER THE LAWN  
OF CENTRAL PARK



POLICE ARE  
BAFFLED BY  
THE ACCOUNT  
OF FRIGHTENED  
EYEWITNESSES  
OF THIS FEAR-  
SOME GHOST  
RIDER! MAYOR  
DEMANDS ACTION  
AND CAUTIONS  
PUBLIC AGAINST  
PANIC!

At an emergency  
meeting yesterday  
Commissioner  
said it

IS IT TRUE? WHAT OR WHO  
IS THIS AWESOME SPECTRE?

READ THIS  
AMAZING ADVENTURE  
IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF

**DOLL MAN**  
THE WORLD'S MOST FRIGHTENING

ON SALE - MAY 2ND -



# Man of Darkness

A NEWSPORT was showing *Telephone* interviews. Mac of Darkness strikes again. Read all about it.

People called to buy the papers, came out of curiosity and even from traffic fear. The historic ones lived on top floors of apartment buildings or in penthouses. Places where the crimes were committed.

"It's just a paper," said John Brady as he paid the newsstand. Then he thought, "I know all about it but I'll see what the report is to the public."

It was about the same as usual. A masked man in a black hood and a black cape had covered a beautiful story yesterday. He had stolen twenty thousand dollars worth of jewels. He had seemed to come from nowhere. No one had been brought up on the elevators and no one had seen a stranger about. He had simply come out of thin air and walked in, armed with a pistol, to make his haul. The police had investigated and found no clues because the man had disappeared as mysteriously as he had arrived.

"And he always strikes in the dark of the moon," read Brady. "That's why he is being called as the Man of Darkness."

"That's the angle," thought Brady. "It's done in the dark. And he seems to come from the sky. There must be something about that to lead to a clue."

John Brady was a young detective on the force. He'd heard plenty of rumors about the case but he hadn't been assigned to it. Still, he knew that someone had to come up with the answer. And if he did, it would put him in solid with his superiors and would also be doing a great favor to the community.

"Man of Darkness," he kept thinking. "He strikes only when he can't be seen. And someone wearing a black mask and robe would be spotted if he came from below."

The idea kept digging in Brady's brain. In days. Surely there was other way to trap the man who kept robbing his crimes. And if he didn't come from the ground, he must actually come from the sky and—

"Try something," he thought suddenly. "I may not make a thing but I have nothing to lose."

So Brady began the work of setting a trap. He was engaged to a girl by the name of Gloria Ring and he finally persuaded her and her mother to help him. He rented a penthouse apartment for them on the eighteenth floor of an apartment house. He bought a lot of pretty jewelry that might pass in the darkness for the real

thing. Then he started a publicity campaign. By newspaper, television, and radio.

A little man sat before a short wave set and he smiled when he heard, "Miss Gloria Ring has just moved to a penthouse apartment on the eighteenth floor of the Fuller Building at the end of fashionable Tenthon Park Drive. She is purported to be an heiress with more than fifty thousand dollars worth of jewels alone."

"That's for me," smiled the little man. "When the clock of the moon comes around again, I'll pay a visit to this lady. Mac of Darkness to give me the tip!"

When the night began to grow dim, Brady spent every one in Gloria's apartment. He was watching and waiting, hoping that the criminal who had evaded every other hunter at the law would fall into his trap. And finally it happened. Gloria was reading near the window. John Brady was hidden in a large chair which faced the door. He tried to steel himself as he heard her let out a scream.

"Get right where you are, lady," Brady heard a voice say. "Make one move and I'll shoot."

Brady waited heavily. Then he heard the man rummaging through a chest of drawers. He made a quick leap to the doorway of the closet and brought a bulky robe down. Then over his head a small man in a black mask and a black cape crept to the floor.

"John," called Gloria, rushing toward him. "I was so frightened!"

"So was I," admitted Brady. "For me. Our entire wealth is here, but now we have to find out how this character's body operates."

When the little man regained consciousness and knew that he was caught, he explained his method. "The cops were after me," he said. "I had to get away. So I changed a house in the city. I had to let you see. That's why I've been hiding people."

The police came for him. And when John Brady went to the roof, he was amazed by what he saw. A building that resembled a small house was perched there. It was painted black. And from it was a ladder which dangled down to the private of the penthouse.

"He's a genius," murmured Brady. "Too bad he didn't turn his talents to something besides crime."

John Brady who gives a promotion show that. And he married Gloria Ring and was happy. But the little man, who had lived a life of crime, lived up his place in the sky for a price. He became, really, a Man of Darkness.



BLACKHAWK

# Blackhawk

Death swirls through the skies and destruction rains down upon the Blackhawk as a villain without conscience launches his diabolical attack! How many brave heroes of heroism will be sacrificed in these frightful enemy-guided assaults before Blackhawk and his valiant band cross the sinister Dr. DeRosa and his fantastic **Circles of Suicide!**



A SHATTERING EXPLOSION BRINGS THE PACE AND DIRECTION OF BLACKHAWK'S BATTLE

HOW DOES HEAT HIS ZAT, BLACKHAWK?

IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE DROPPED A BOMB ON THE ENGINE, QUICK!



GOOD NIGHT! IT'S SOME SORT OF GUIDED MISSILE!







CALL  
ROCK  
THE  
BATTLE  
OF  
THE  
BLACK  
HAWK  
RIGGS  
ABOVE  
THE  
BEACH  
OF  
THE  
JETS!



















Just moments later, with BLACKWAVE HE PLUTELY STRAPPED IN ITS CRACK, THE SACRED CIRCLE IS LAUNCHED!



THE BLACKWAVE SOON AND THERE LAUNCH AND THE DRAGON FLY RELEASED FROM THE SACRED CRAFT.

















